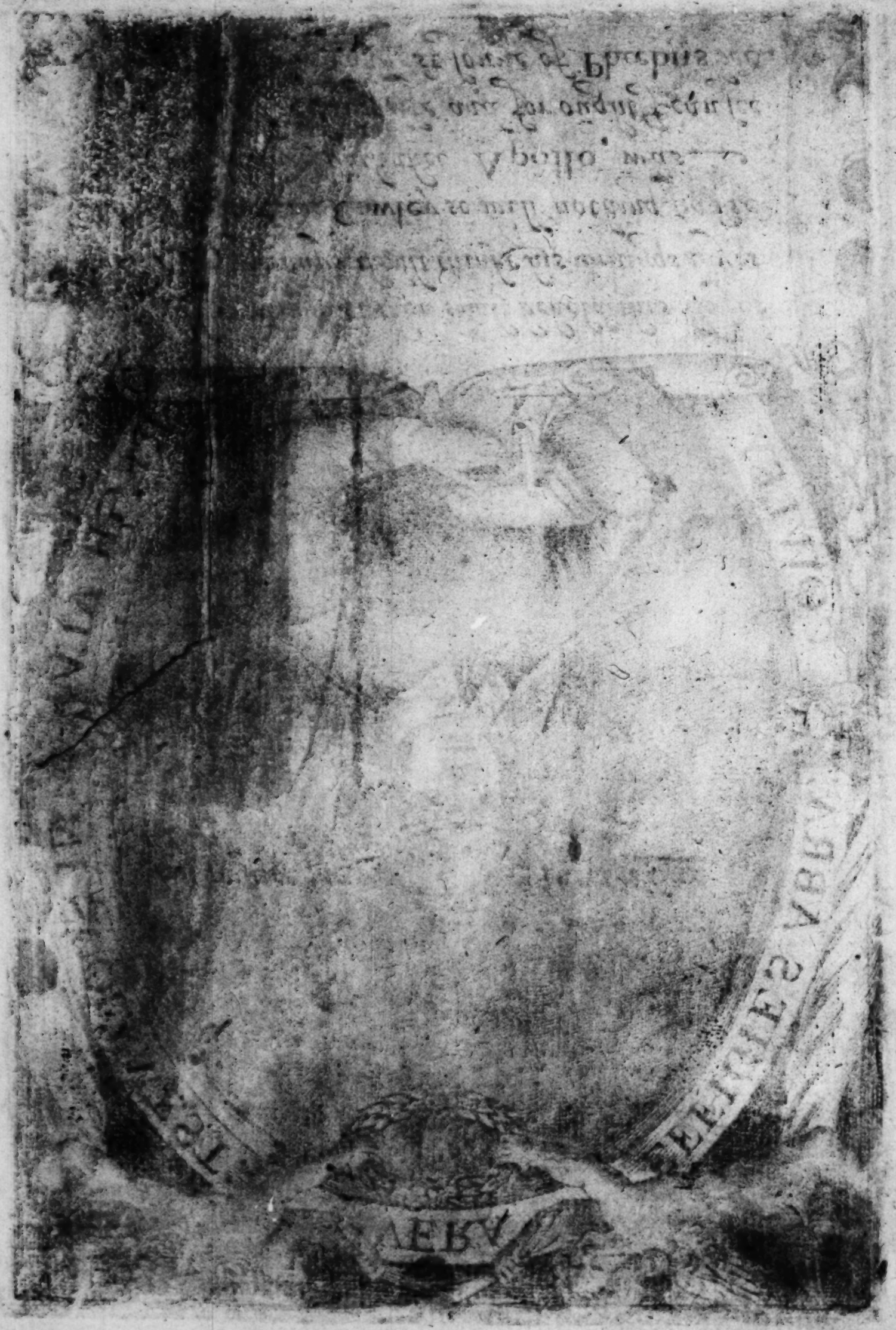




Reader when first thou shalt behold this boyes
Picture, perhaps thoult thinke his writings toyes
Wrong not our Cowley *so will nothing passe*
But gravity with thee Apollo *was*
Beardlesse himselfe and for ought I can see
Cowley *may yongest sonne of* Phœbus *bee.*

POETICAL BLOSSOMES.

BY

A. C.

— fit ſurculus Arbor.

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1633.

TO
THE RIGHT HONORABLE,
and right Reverend Father in
God, IOHN Lord Bishop of
LINCOLNE. And Deane of
Westminster.

MY LORD:

I Might well feare, least these my rude and unpolisht lines, should offend your Honorable survay; but that I hope your Nobleneſſe will rather ſmile at the faults committed by a Child, *then cenſure them; Howſoever I deſire your* Lordſhips *pardon, for preſenting things ſo unworthy to your view, and to accept the good will of him, who in all duty is bound to be*

Your Lordſhips,
moſt humble ſervant,

ABRA: COVVLEY.

To the Reader.

I.

I Call'd the buskin'd Muſe MELPOMENE,
And told her what ſad Storie I would write,
Shee wept at hearing ſuch a Tragedie:
Though wont in mournefull Ditties to delight.
If thou diſlike theſe ſorrowfull lines; Then know
My Muſe with teares not with Conceits did flow.

II.

And as ſhe my unabler quill did guide,
Her briny teares did on the paper fall,
If then unequall numbers be eſpied,
Oh Reader! doe not that my error call,
But thinke her teares defac't it, and blame them
My Muſes griefe, and not my miſſing Pen.

ANNA: COVVLEY.

To his deare Friend and Schoole-fellow ABRAHAM COWLEY, on his flouriſhing and hopefull BLOSSOMES.

NAture *wee ſay decayes, becauſe our* Age
Is worſe then were the Times of old: The Stage
And Hiſtories *the former Times declare:*
In theſe our latter Dayes what defects are.
Experience *teacheth. What then? Shall we blame*
Nature *for this? Not ſo; let us declayme*
Rather againſt our Selves: 'tis wee Decay,
Not She: Shee is the ſame every way
She was at firſt. COWLEY, *thou prov'ſt this truth.*
Could ever former Age brag of a Youth
So forward at theſe yeares? Could NASO *write*
Thus young ſuch witty Poems? TULLI's *mite*
Of Eloquence, *at this Age was not ſeene.*
Nor yet was CATO's *Iudgement, at Thirteene*
So great is thine. Suppoſe it were ſo; yet
He CIC'RO's *Eloquence,* TULLY *the Wit*
Of OVID *wanted:* OVID *too came farre*
In Iudgement behind CATO. *Therefore are*
None of all equall unto Thee, ſo pretty,
So Eloquent, Iudicious, and Witty.
Let the world's ſpring time but produce and ſhow
Such Bloſſomes *as thy Writings are, and know*
Then (not till then) ſhall my opinion be
That it is Nature *faileth, and not* wee.

BEN MARR.

To his Friend and Schoole-fellow ABRAHAM COVVLEY, on his *Poeticall Blossomes.*

MAny, when Youths *of tender* Age *they see*
Expressing CATO, *in their Gravitie*;
Iudgement, *and* Wit, *will oftentimes report*
They thinke their thread of Life *exceeding short.*
But my opinion is, not so of Thee
For thou shalt live, to all Posterity.
These guifts will neuer let thee *dye, for* Death
Can not bereave thee of thy fame, *though breath.*
Let snarling Critticks *spend their braines to find*
A fault, though there be none; *This is my mind*
Let him that carpeth with his vipers Tongue,
Thinke with himselfe, what he could doe as young.
But if the Springing blossomes, *thus rare be*
What ripen'd Fruit *shall wee hereafter see.*

ROB: MEADE,
Condiscipulus.

CON-

CONSTANTIA
AND
PHILETVS.

I Sing two conſtant Lovers various fate,
The hopes, and feares which equally attend
Their loves: Their rivals envie, Parents hate;
I ſing their ſorrowfull life, and tragicke end.
Aſſiſt me this ſad ſtory to rehearſe
You Gods, and be propitious to my verſe.

In *Florence* for her ſtately buildings fam'd,
And lofty roofes that emulate the skie;
There dwelt a lovely Mayd CONSTANTIA nam'd,
Renown'd, (as mirror of all *Italie*,)
Her, laviſh nature did at firſt adorne,
With PALLAS ſoule, in CYTHEREA's forme.

And framing her attractive eyes ſo bright,
Spent all her wit in ſtudy, that they might
Keepe th'earth from *Chaos*, and eternall night,
But envious Death deſtroyed their glorious light.
Expect not beauty then, ſince ſhe did part;
For in her Nature waſted all her Art.

Her hayre was brighter then the beames which are
A Crowne to PHŒBVS, and her breath ſo ſweet,
It did tranſcend *Arabian* odours farre,
Or th'ſmelling Flowers, wherewith the Spring doth greet
Approaching Summer, teeth like falling ſnow
For white, were placed in a double row.

Her wit excell'd all praiſe, all admiration,
And ſpeach was ſo attractive it might be
A meanes to cauſe great PALLAS indignation
And raiſe an envie from that Deity,
The mayden Lillyes at her lovely ſight
Waxt pale with envie, and from thence grew white.

Shee was in birth and Parentage as high
As in her fortune great, or beauty rare,
And to her vertuous mindes nobility
The guifts of Fate and Nature doubled were;
That in her ſpotleſſe Soule, and lovely Face
Thou mightſt have ſeene, each Deity and grace.

Constantia and Philetus.

The ſcornefull Boy ADONIS viewing her
Would VENVS ſtill deſpiſe, yet her deſire;
Each who but ſaw, was a Competitor
And rivall, ſcorcht alike with CVPID's fire
The glorious beames of her fayre Eyes did move
And light beholders on their way to Love.

Amongſt her many Sutors a young Knight
'Bove others wounded with the Majeſty
Of her faire preſence, preſſeth moſt in ſight;
Yet ſeldome his deſire can ſatisfie
With that bleſt object, or her rareneſſe ſee;
For Beauties guard, is watchfull Iealoufie.

Oft-times that hee might ſee his *Deareſt-fayre*
Vpon his ſtately Iennet he in the way
Rides by her houſe, who neighes as if he were
Proud to be view'd by bright CONSTANTIA.
But his poore Maſter though to ſee her moue
His joy, dares ſhow no looke betraying Loue.

Soone as the morne peep'd from her roſie bedd
And all Heauens ſmaller lights expulſed were;
She by her friends and neere acquaintance led
Like other Maids, oft walkt to take the ayre;
AVRORA bluſht at ſuch a ſight vnknowne,
To ſee thoſe cheekes were redder then her owne.

Constantia, and Philetus.

Th' obſequious Louer alwayes followes them
And where they goe, that way his journey feines,
Should they turne backe, he would turne backe againe;
For where his Love, his buſineſſe there remaines.
Nor is it ſtrange hee ſhould be loath to part
From her, ſince ſhee had ſtolne away his heart.

PHILETVS hee was call'd, ſprung from a race
Of Noble anceſtors; But deſtroying *Time*
And envious *Fate* had laboured to deface
The glory which in his great Stocke did ſhine;
His ſtate but ſmall, ſo Fortune did decree
But *Love* being blind, hee that could never ſee:

Yet hee by chance had hit his heart aright,
And on CONSTANTIA's eye his Arrow whet
Had blowne the Fire, that would deſtroy him quite,
Vnleſſe his flames might like in her beget:
But yet he feares, becauſe he blinded is
Though he have ſhot him right, her heart hee'l miſſe.

Vnto *Loves* Altar therefore hee repayres,
And offers there a pleaſing Sacrifice;
Intreating CVPID with inducing Prayers
To looke vpon and eaſe his Miſeries:
Where having wept, recovering breath againe
Thus to immortall *Love* he did complaine:

Constantia and Philetus.

Oh CVPID *! thou, whose all commanding sway*
Hath oft-times rul'd the Olympian *Thunderer,*
Whom all Cœlestiall Deities obey,
And Men and Gods both reverence and feare !
Oh force CONSTANTIA'S *heart to yeeld to Love,*
Of all thy Workes, the Master-piece 'twill prove.

And let me not Affection vainely spend,
But kindle flames in her like those in mee;
Yet if that guift my Fortune doth transcend,
Grant that her charming Beauty I may see:
And view those Eyes who with their ravishing light
Doe onely give Contentment to my sight.

Those who contemne thy sacred Deity
And mocke thy Power, let them thy anger know,
I faultlesse am, nor can't an honour be
To wound your slaue alone, and spare your Foe.
Here teares and sighes speake his imperfect mone
In language farre more dolorous then his owne.

Home he retyr'd, his Soule he brought not home,
Iust like a Ship whil'st every mounting wave
Tost by enraged BOREAS vp and downe,
Threatens the Mariner with a gaping graue;
Such did his case, such did his state appeare
Alike distracted, betweene hope and feare.

Thinking her love hee never ſhall obtayne,
One morne he goes to the Woods and doth complaine
Of his vnhappie Fate, but all in vayne,
And thus fond *Eccho*, anſwers him againe.
So that it ſeemes AVRORA wept to heare,
For the verdant graſſe was dew'd with many a teare.

THE ECCHO.

OH! what hath caus'd my killing miſeries,
Eyes, (Eccho *ſaid*) *what hath detayned my eaſe,*
Eaſe; ſtraight the reaſonable Nimph replyes,
That nothing can my troubled mind appeaſe:
Peace, Eccho *anſwers? What, is any nye*
(Quoth ſhe) at which, ſhe quickly vtters, I.

Is't Eccho *anſweres, tell me then thy will,*
I will, ſhee ſaid: What ſhall I get (quoth hee)
By loving ſtill: to which ſhee anſwers, ill,
Ill: ſhall I voyd of wiſht for pleaſure dye:
I, ſhall not I who toyle in ceaſleſſe paine,
Some pleaſure know: no, ſhee replies againe.

False

Conſtantia, and Philetus.

Falſe and inconſtant Nimph, thou lyeſt (quoth hee)
Thou lyeſt (ſhee ſaid) and I deſerved her hate,
If I ſhould thee beleeve; beleeve, (ſaith ſhee)
For why thy idle words are of no weight.
Waigh it, (ſhe replyes) I therefore will depart,
To which, reſounding Eccho anſwers, part.

Then from the Woods with ſorrowfull heart he goes,
Filling with flowing thoughts his grieued minde,
He ſeeks to eaſe his ſoule oppreſſing woes,
But no refreſhing comfort can he find:
He weeps to quench the fires that burne in him,
But teares doe fall to the earth, flames are within.

No morning baniſht darkneſſe, nor blacke night
By her alternate courſe expuls'd the day.
Bin with PHILETVS by a conſtant rite
And CVPIDS Altars did not weepe and pray;
And yet had reaped nought for all his paine.
But Care and Sorrow that was all his gaine.

But now at laſt the pitying God o'recome
By his conſtant votes and teares, fixt in her heart
A golden ſhaft, and ſhee is now become
A ſuppliant to Love that with like Dart
Hee'd wound PHILETVS and doth now implore
With teares ayd from that power ſhe ſcorn'd before.

Little

Little ſhe thinkes ſhe kept PHILETVS heart
In her ſcorcht breaſt, becauſe her owne ſhee gaue
To him. But either ſuffers, equall ſmart
And alike meaſure in their torments haue:
His ſoule, his griefe, his fiers; now hers are growne
Her heart, her mind, her loue; is his alone.

Whilſt wandring thoughts thus guide her troubled Brain
Seeing a Lute (being farre from any eares)
Shee tun'd this ſong whoſe muſicke did tranſcend
The pleaſant harmony of the rowling Spheares;
Which rauiſhing Notes, if when her loue was ſlayne
She had ſung; from *Styx* t'had cald him back againe.

THE

THE SONG.

TO whom shall I my Sorrowes show?
Not to Love for he is blind.
And my PHILETVS *doth not know,*
The inward sorrow of my mind.
And all the senceless walls which are
Now round about me, cannot heare.

For if they could, they sure would weepe,
And with my griefes relent.
Vnlesse their willing teares they keepe,
Till I from the earth am sent.
Then I beleeve they'l all deplore
My fate, since I them taught before.

I willingly would weepe my store,
If th'floud would land thy Love,
My deare PHILETVS *on the shore*
Of my heart; but shouldst thou prove
Afeard of the flames, know the fires are
But bonfires for thy comming there.

Then teares in envie of her ſpeach did flow
From her fayre eyes, as if it ſeem'd that there,
Her burning flame had melted hills of ſnow,
And ſo diſſolu'd them into many a teare;
Which *Nilus* like, did quickly ouerflow,
And cauſed ſoone new ſerpent griefes to grow.

Heere ſtay my *Muſe*, for if I ſhould recite,
Her mournfull Language, I ſhould make you weepe
Like her a floud, and ſo not ſee to write,
Such lines as I deſire, that they may keepe,
Mee from ſterne death, or when I leave my rime,
They in my deaths reuenge may conquer time.

By this tyme, chance and his owne induſtry
Had helpt PHILETVS forward that he grew
Acquainted with his Brother, ſo that he,
Might by this meanes, his bright CONSTANTIA veiw;
And as tyme ſeru'd ſhew her his miſerie,
And this was the firſt act in's Tragedie.

Thus to himſelfe ſooth'd by his flattering ſtate
He ſaid; *How ſhall I thanke thee for this gaine,*
O CVPID, *or reward my helping Fate,*
Who ſweetens all my ſorrowes, all my payne?
What Husbandman would any ſweat refuſe,
To reape at laſt ſuch fruit, his labours vſe?

But waying ſtraight his doubtfull ſtate aright,
Seeing his griefes link't like an endleſſe chayne
To following woes, he could deſpaire delight,
Quench his hot flames, and th' fondling loue diſdaine.
But CVPID when his heart was ſet on fire
Had burnt his wings, and could not then retire.

The wounded youth, and kinde PHILOCRATES
(So was her Brother call'd) grew ſoone ſo deare,
So true, and conſtant, in theyr Amities,
And in that league ſo ſtrictly ioyned were;
That death it ſelfe could not theyr friendſhip ſever.
But as they liu'd in loue, they dyed together.

If one be malancholy, the other's ſad;
If one be ſicke, the other hee is ill,
And if PHILETVS any ſorrow had,
PHILOCRATES was partner in it ſtill:
As th'ſoule of PYLADES and ORESTES was
In theſe, may we beleeue PITHAGORAS.

Oft in the Woods PHILETVS walkes, and there
Exclaimes againſt his fate as too vnkind.
With ſpeaking teares his griefes he doth declare,
And with ſad ſighes teareth the angry *wind*,
To ſigh, and though it ne're ſo cruell were,
It roar'd to heare PHILETVS tell his care.

The Chriſtall Brookes which gently runne betweene
The ſhadowing Trees, and as they through them paſſe
Water the Earth, and keepe the Meadowes greene,
Giving a colour to the verdant graſſe:
Hearing PHILETVS tell his wofull ſtate,
In ſhew of griefe runne murmuring at his Fate.

PHILOMEL anſweres him againe and ſhewes
In her beſt language, her ſad Hiſtorie.
And in a mournfull ſweetneſſe tels her woes,
As if ſhee ſtrove to ſhew her miſeries
Were greater farre then his, and ſweetly ſings
To out-reach his Sorrowes, by her ſufferings.

His ſadneſſe cannot from PHILOCRATES
Be hid, who ſeekes all meanes his griefe to know,
Seeing all mirth PHILETVS doth diſpleaſe
And Paſſion ſtill purſues his conquered Foe:
Hee therefore of his griefe did oft enquire,
But *Love* with covering wings had hid the fire.

But when his noble Friend perceived that hee
Yeelds to vſurping Paſſion more and more,
Deſirous to partake his mallady,
Hee watches him in hope to cure his ſore
By counſaile, and recall the poyſonous Dart
When it alas was fixed in his heart.

When

Conſtantia and Philetus.

When in the Woods, places beſt fit for care,
Hee to himſelfe did his paſt griefes recite,
Th' obſequious friend ſtraight followes him, and there
Doth hide himſelfe from ſad PHILETVS ſight.
Who thus exclaimes, for a ſwolne hart would breake
If it for vent of ſorrow might not ſpeake.

Oh! I am loſt, not in this deſert Wood
But in loues pathleſſe Laborinth, there I
My health, each ioy and pleaſure counted good
Haue loſt, and which is more my liberty.
And now am forc't to let him ſacrifice
My heart, for raſh beleeving of my eyes.

Long haue I ſtayed, but yet haue no reliefe,
Long haue I lov'd, yet haue no favour ſhowne,
Becauſe ſhee knowes not of my killing griefe,
And I haue fear'd, to make my ſorrowes knowne.
For why alas, if ſhee ſhould once but dart
At me diſdaine, 'twould kill my ſubiect hart.

But how ſhould ſhee, ere I impart my Love,
Reward my ardent flame with like deſire,
But when I ſpeake, if ſhee ſhould angry prove,
Laugh at my flowing teares, and ſcorne my fire?
Why hee who hath all ſorrowes borne before,
Needeth not feare to be oppreſt with more.

Conſtantia and Philetus.

PHILOCRATES no longer can forbeare,
But running to his lov'd Friend; *Oh* (ſayd hee)
My deare PHILETVS *be thy ſelfe, and ſweare*
To rule that Paſſion which now maſters Thee
And all thy faculties; but if't may not be,
Give to thy Love but eyes that it may ſee.

Amazement ſtrikes him dumbe what ſhall he doe?
Should hee reveale his Love, he feares 'twould prove
A hinderance, which ſhould hee deny to ſhow,
It might perhaps his deare friends anger move:
Theſe doubts like SCYLLA and CARIBDIS ſtand,
Whil'ſt CVPID a blind Pilot doth command.

At laſt reſolv'd, how ſhall I ſeeke, ſayd hee
To excuſe my ſelfe, deareſt PHILOCRATES;
That I from thee have hid this ſecrecie?
Yet cenſure not, give me firſt leave to eaſe
My caſe with words, my griefe you ſhould have known
Ere this, if that my heart had bin my owne.

I am all Love, my heart was burnt with fire
From two bright Sunnes which doe all light diſcloſe;
Firſt kindling in my breſt the flame Deſire,
But like the rare Arabian *Bird there roſe*
From my hearts aſhes, never quenched Love,
Which now this torment in my ſoule doth move.

Oh!

Conſtantia and Philetus.

Oh! let not then my Paſſion cauſe your hate,
Nor let my choiſe offend you, or detayne
Your ancient Friendſhip; 'tis alas too late
To call my firme affection backe againe:
No Phyſicke *can recure my weak'ned ſtate,*
The wound is growne too great, too deſperate.

But *Counſell ſayd* his Friend, a remedy
Which never fayles the Patient, may at leaſt
If not quite heale your mindes infirmity,
Aſſwage your torment, and procure ſome reſt.
But there is no Phyſitian can apply
A medicine, ere he know the Malady.

Then heare me, ſayd PHILETVS; but why? Stay,
I will not toyle thee with my hiſtory,
For to remember Sorrowes paſt away,
Is to renue an old Calamity.
Hee who acquainteth others with his meane,
Addes to his friends griefe, but not cures his owne.

But ſayd PHILOCRATES, 'tis beſt in woe,
To have a faithfull partner of their care;
That burthen may be vndergone by two,
Which is perhaps too great for one to beare.
I ſhould miſtruſt your love to hide from me
Your thoughts, and taxe you of *Inconſtancie*,

What ſhall hee doe? Or with what language frame
Excuſe? He muſt reſolue not to deny,
But open his cloſe thoughts, and inward flame,
With that as prologue to his Tragedy
He ſight, as if they'd coole his torments ire
When they alas, did blow the raging fire.

When yeares firſt ſtyl'd me Twenty, I began
To ſport with the catching ſnares that Loue had ſet,
Like Birds that flutter 'bout the gyn till tane,
Or the poore Fly caught in *Arachnes* net,
Euen ſo I ſported with her Beautyes light
Till I at laſt, grew blind with too much ſight.

Firſt it came ſtealing on me, whilſt I thought,
T'was eaſy to expulſe it, but as fire
Though but a ſparke, ſoone into flames is brought,
So mine grew great, and quickly mounted higher;
Which ſo haue ſcorcht my loue ſtruck ſoule, that I
Still liue in torment, though each minute dye.

Who is it ſayd PHILOCRATES can moue
With charming eyes ſuch deepe affection,
I may perhaps aſſiſt you in your loue,
Two can effect more then your ſelfe alone.
My councell this thy error may reclayme
Or my ſalt teares quench thy annoying flame.

Nay

Nay ſayd PHILETVS, oft my eyes doe flow
Like *Egypt* couering *Nilus*, nor yet can
Aſſwage my heate, which ſtill doth greater grow,
As if my teares did but augment my flame.
Like to the waters of th' *Dodonean* ſpring,
That lights a torch the which is put therein.

But being you deſire to know her, ſhe
Is call'd (with that his eyes let fall a ſhower
As if they faine would drowne the memory
Of his life keepers name,) CONSTANTIA more;
Griefe would not let him vtter; *Teares the beſt*
Expreſſers of true ſorrow, ſpoke the reſt.

To which his noble friend did thus reply.
And was this all? What ere your griefe would eaſe
Though a farre greater taske; beleeu't for thee,
It ſhould be ſoone done by PHILOCRATES;
Thinke all you wiſh perform'd but ſee the day
Tyr'd with i'ts heate is haſting now away.

Home from the ſilent Woods, night bids them goe,
But ſad PHILETVS can no comfort find,
What in the day he feares of future woe,
At night in dreames, like truth affright his mind
Why doeſt thou vex him loue? Had'ſt eyes (I ſay)
Thou wouldſt thy ſelfe haue lou'd CONSTANTIA.

Constantia and Philetus.

PHILOCRATES pittying his dolefull mone,
And wounded with the Sorrowes of his friend,
Brings him to fayre CONSTANTIA; where alone
He might impart his love, and eyther end
His fruitleſſe hopes, cropt by her coy diſdaine,
Or *by her liking, his wiſh't Ioyes attaine.*

Faireſt, (quoth he) *whom the bright Heavens doe cover,*
Doe not theſe teares, theſe ſpeaking teares, deſpiſe:
And dolorous ſighes, of a ſubmiſſive Lover,
Thus ſtrucke to the earth by your all dazeling Eyes.
And doe not you contemne that ardent flame,
Which from your ſelfe: Your owne faire Beauty came.

Truſt me, I long have hid my love, but now
Am forc't to ſhew't, ſuch is my inward ſmart,
And you alone (ſweet faire) the meanes doe know
To heale the wound of my conſuming heart.
Then ſince it onely in your power doth lie
To kill, or ſave, Oh helpe! or elſe I die.

His gently cruell Love, did thus reply;
I for your paine am grieved, and would doe
Without impeachment to my Chaſtity
And honour, any thing might pleaſure you.
But if beyond thoſe limits you demand,
I muſt not anſwer, (Sir) nor underſtand.

Beleeve

Beleeue me vertuous maiden, my deſire
Is chaſt and pious, as thy Virgin thought,
No flaſh of luſt, t'is no diſhoneſt fire
Which goes as ſoone as it is quickly brought.
But as thy beauty pure, which let not bee
Eclipſed by diſdaine, or cruelty.

Oh! how ſhall I reply (quoth ſhe) thou'aſt won
My ſoule, and therefore take thy victory:
Thy eyes and ſpeaches haue my heart o'recome
And if I ſhould deny thee loue, then I
My ſelfe ſhould feele his torment for that fire
Which is kept cloſe, doth burne with greateſt ire.

Yet doe not count my yeelding, lightneſſe in me,
Impute it rather to my ardent loue,
Thy pleaſing carriage long agoe did win me
And pleading beauty did my liking moue.
Thy eyes which draw like loadſtones with their might
The hardeſt hearts, won mine to leaue me quite.

Oh! I am rapt aboue the reach, ſaid hee
Of thought, my ſoule already feeles the bliſſe
Of heauen, when (ſweete) my thoughts once tax but thee
With any crime, may I loſe all happineſſe
Is wiſht for: both your fauour here, and dead,
May the iuſt Gods power vengance on my head.

Whilſt he was ſpeaking this: behold theyr fate,
CONSTANTIA's father entred in the roome,
When glad PHILETVS ignorant of his ſtate,
Kiſſes her cheekes, more red then the ſetting Sun,
Or elſe, the morne bluſhing through clouds of water
To ſee aſcending *Sol* congratulate her.

Iuſt as the guilty priſoner fearefull ſtands
Reading his fatall *Theta* in the browes
Of him, who both his life and death commands,
Ere from his mouth he the ſad ſentence knowes,
Such was his ſtate to ſee her father come,
Nor wiſht for, nor expected to the roome.

The inrag'd old man bids him no more to dare
Such bold intrudance in that houſe, nor be
At any tyme with his lou'd daughter there
Till he had giuen him ſuch authoritie,
But to depart, ſince ſhe her loue did ſhew him
Was liuing death, with lingring torments to him.

This being knowne to kinde PHILOCRATES
He cheares his friend, bidding him baniſh feare,
And by ſome letter his grieu'd minde appeaſe,
And ſhew her that which to her freindly eare,
Tyme gaue no leaue to tell, and thus his quill
Declares to her, her abſent louers will.

THE

THE LETTER.

PHILETVS to CONSTANTIA.

I Truſt (deare Soule) my abſence cannot move
You to forget, or doubt my ardent love;
For were there any meanes to ſee you; I
Would runne through Death and all the miſerie
Fate could inflict, that ſo the world might ſay,
In Life and Death I lov'd CONSTANTIA.
Then let not (deareſt Sweet) our abſence ſever
Our loves, let them ioyn'd cloſely ſtill together
Give warmth to one another, till there riſe
From all our labours and our induſtries
The long expected fruits; have patience (Sweet)
There's no man whom the Summer pleaſures greet
Before he taſt the Winter, none can ſay
Ere night was gone, hee ſaw the riſing Day.
So when wee once have waſted Sorrowes night,
The ſunne of Comfort then, ſhall give vs light.

PHILETVS.

Constantia and Philetus.

This when CONSTANTIA read, ſhee thought her ſtate
Moſt happie by PHILETVS Conſtancie
And perfect Love, ſhe thankes her flattering Fate,
And never miſſing CVPID, 'cauſe that hee
Had pierc't his heart; and thus ſhee writes agen,
Vnfeyn'd affection guiding of her Pen.

CONSTANTIA to PHILETVS.

YOur abſence (Sir) though it be long, yet I
Neither forget, or doubt your Conſtancie:
Nor need you feare, that I ſhould yeeld vnto
Another, what to your true Love is due.
My heart is yours, it is not in my claime,
Nor have I power to give't away againe.
There's nought but Death can part our ſoules, no time
Or angry Friends, ſhall make my Love decline:
But for the harveſt of our hopes I'le ſtay,
Vnleſſe Death cut it, ere't be ripe, away.

CONSTANTIA.

Oh!

Oh! how this Letter did exalt his pride,
More proud was hee of this, then PHAETON
When PHŒBVS flaming Chariot he did guide,
Before he knew the danger was to come.
Or elſe then IASON, when from *Colchos* hee
Returned, with the *Fleeces* victorie.

But ere the Autumne which faire CERES crown'd,
Had payd the ſwetting Plowmans greedieſt prayer;
And by the Fall diſrob'd the gawdy ground
Of all her Summer ornaments, they were
By kind PHILOCRATES together brought (wrought.
Where they this meanes to 'nioy theyr freedome

Sweet Miſtreſſe, ſayd PHILETVS, ſince the time
Propitious to our votes, now gives vs leave
To enioy our loves, let vs not deare reſigne
His long'd for favour, nor our ſelves bereave
Of opportunity, left it flye agen
Further then Love hath wings to follow him.

For when your Father, as his cuſtome is
For pleaſure, doth purſue the timerous Hare;
If you'l reſort but thither, I'le not miſſe
To be in thoſe Woods ready for you, where
Wee may depart in ſafety, and no more
With Dreames of pleaſure onely, heale our ſore.

This

This both the Lovers ſoone agreed vpon,
But ere they parted, hee deſires that ſhee
Would bleſſe his greedy hearing, with a *Song*
From her harmonious voyce, ſhee doth agree
To his requeſt, and doth this Ditty ſing,
Whoſe raviſhing *Notes* new fires to's old doth bring.

THE

THE SONG.

TIme flye with greater ſpeed away
Adde feathers to thy wings,
Till thy haſt in flying brings
That wiſht for and expected Day.

Comforts ſunne, wee then ſhall ſee,
Though at firſt it dark'ned bee
With dangers, yet thoſe Clouds being gon,
Our Day will put his luſtre on.

Then though Deaths ſad night doe come,
And wee in ſilence ſleepe,
'Laſting Day agen will greete
Our raviſht Soules, and then there's none

Can part vs more, no Death, nor Friends,
Being dead, their power o're vs ends.
Thus there's nothing can diſſever,
Hearts which Love have ioyned together.

Constantia and Philetus.

Feare of being ſeene, PHILETVS homeward droue
But ere they part ſhe willingly doth giue
As faithfull pledges of her conſtant loue
Many a kiſſe, and then each other leaue
In greife, though rapt with ioy that they haue found
A way to heale the torment of their wound.

But ere the Sun through many dayes had run;
CONSTANTIA'S charming beauty had o'recome
GVISCARDO'S heart, and's ſcorn'd affection won,
Her eyes, that conquered all they ſhone vpon
Shot through his glutton eyes ſuch hot deſire
As nothing but her loue could quench the fire.

In roofes which Gold and *Parian* ſtone adorne
Proud as their Landlords minde, he did abound
In fields ſo fertile for theyr yearely corne
As might contend with ſcorcht *Calabria's* ground;
But in his ſoule where ſhould be the beſt ſtore
Of ſureſt riches, he was baſe and poore.

Him was CONSTANTIA vrg'd continually
By her freinds to loue, ſometimes they did intreate
With gentle ſpeeches, and milde courteſie,
Which when they ſee deſpis'd by her, they threat.
But loue too deepe was ſeated in her heart
To be worne out with thought of any ſmart.

Her

Her father ſhortly went vnto the wood
To hunt, his friend GVISCARDO being there
With others who by freindſhip and by bloud
Vnto CONSTANTIA's aged father were
Alyed nere, there likewiſe were with theſe,
His beautious daughter, and PHILOCRATES.

Being entred in the pathleſſe woods, whilſt they
Purſue their game, PHILETVS being late
Hid in a thicket, carries ſtraight away
His loue, and haſtens his owne haſty fate.
Which came to ſoone vpon him, and his Sunne
Eclipſed was, before it fully ſhone.

For when CONSTANTIA's miſſed, in a maze,
Each takes a ſeuerall courſe, and by curſt fate
GVISCARDO runs, with a loue carryed pace
Towards them, who little knew their ſorrowfull ſtate.
So hee like bold *Icarus* ſoaring hye
To Honor, fell to th'depth of miſery.

For when GVISCARDO ſees his Riuall there,
Swelling with poyſonous envy, comes behind
PHILETVS, who ſuch fortune did not feare,
And with his flaming ſword a way doth find
To his heart, who ere that death poſſeſt him quite,
In theſe few words gaſpt out his flying ſprite.

O ſee CONSTANTIA *my ſhort race is runne,*
See how my bloud the thirſtie ground doth die,
But liue thou happier then thy loue hath done
And when I'me dead thinke ſometime vpon me.
More my ſhort tyme permits me not to tell
For now death ſeaſeth me, *oh my deare farwell.*

As ſoone as he had ſpoke theſe words life fled
From's wounded body, whil'ſt CONSTANTIA ſhe
Kiſſes his cheekes which looſe there liuely red;
And become pale, and wan, and now each eye
Which was ſo bright, (is like) when life was done
A fallen ſtarre, or an eclipſed Sunne.

Thither PHILOCRATES by's fate being droue
To accompany PHILETVS Tragedy,
Seeing his friend was dead, and's ſorrowfull loue
Sate weeping o'rehis bleeding body, I
Will now reuenge your death ſaid hee
Or in your murther beare you company.

I am by *Iove* ſent to reuenge this fate,
Nay, ſtay GVISCARDO thinke not heauen in jeſt,
T'is vaine to hope flight can ſecure thy ſtate
Then thruſting 's ſword into the Villaines breſt.
Here, ſaid PHILOCRATES, thy life I ſend
A ſacrifice, t'appeaſe my ſlaughtered friend.

But as he falls here take reward ſaid hee
For this thy victory, with that he flung
His killing rapier at his enemy,
Which hit his head, and in his braine-pan hung.
With that he falles, but lifting vp his eyes
Farewell CONSTANTIA, that word ſaid, hee dies.

What ſhall ſhee doe, ſhe to her brother runnes
And's cold, and liveleſſe body doth imbrace,
She calls to him, hee cannot heare her moanes:
And with her kiſſes warmes his clammie face.
My Deare PHILOCRATES, *ſhee weeping cryes,*
Speake to thy Siſter: but no voyce replyes.

Then running to her loue, with many a teare,
Thus her minds fervent paſſion ſhee expreſs't,
O ſtay (bleſt Soule) ſtay but a little here
And we will both haſt to a laſting reſt.
Then to *Eliſiums* Manſions both together
Wee'le journey, and be married there for ever.

But when ſhe ſaw they both were dead, quoth ſhe
Oh my PHILETVS for thy ſake will I
Make vp a full and perfect Tragedie
Since t'was for me (Deare loue) that thou didſt dye;
I'le follow thee, and not thy loſſe deplore,
Theſe eyes that ſaw thee kill'd, ſhall ſee no more.

It ſhall not ſure be ſayd that you did dye:
And thy CONSTANTIA live ſince thou waſt ſlayne:
No, no, deare Soule, I will not ſtay from thee,
But conſtant bee in act, as well as Name.
Then piercing her ſad breſt, *I come*, ſhee cryes,
And Death for ever clos'd her weeping eyes.

Her Soule being fled to it's Eternall reſt,
Her Father comes, who ſeeing this, hee falls
To th'earth, with griefe too great to bee expreſt.
Whoſe dolefull words my tyred *Muſe* me calls
T'o'repaſſe, which I might gladly doe, for feare
That I ſhould toyle too much, the *Readers eare*,

FINIS.

THE TRAGICALL HISTORIE OF PIRAMVS AND THISBE.

Written,

By *A. C.*

—— fit ſurculus Arbor.

LONDON,
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1633.

TO THE WORSHIPFVL, my very loving Master LAMBERT OSBOLSTON, chiefe Schoole-master of *Westminster-Schoole:*

SIR,

MY childish Muse is in her Spring: and yet
Can onely shew some budding of her Wit.
One frowne upon her Worke, (Learn'd Sir) from you:
Like some unkinder storme shot from your brow,
Would turne her Spring, *to withering* Autumne's *time,*
And make her Blossomes *perish, ere their Prime.*
But if you Smile, if in your gracious Eye
Shee an auspicious Alpha *can discrie.*
How soone will they grow Fruit? How will they flourish
That had such beames their Infancie to nourish.
Which being sprung to ripenesse, expect then
The best, and first fruites, of her gratefull Pen.

Yours,

Abraham Cowley.

THE TRAGICALL HISTORIE OF PYRAMVS and THISBE.

WHere *Babilons* high Walls erected were
By mighty NINVS wife; two houſes joyn'd.
One THISBE liv'd in, PIRAMVS the faire
In th'other: Earth ne're boaſted ſuch a paire,
The very ſenceleſſe walls themſelves combin'd
And grew in one; Iuſt like their Maſters minde.

THISBE all other women did excell,
The Queene of *Love*, leſſe lovely was then ſhee.
And PIRAMVS more ſweet then tongue can tell,
Nature grew proud in framing them ſo well.
But VENVS enuying they ſo faire ſhould bee,
Bids her ſonne CVPID ſhew his crueltie.

Pyramus and Thisbe.

The all-ſubduing God his bow did bend,
And doth prepare his moſt remorſleſſe dart,
Which he vnſeene vnto theyr hearts did ſend
And ſo was Loue the cauſe of Beauties end.
But could he ſee, he had not wrought theyr ſmart
For pitie ſure, would haue o'recome his heart.

Like as a bird within a net is taine,
By ſtrugling more entangles in the ginne,
So they who in loues Laborinth remaine,
With ſtriuing neuer can a freedome gaine.
The way to enter's broad, but being in
No art, no labour, can an *exit* win.

Theſe Louers though theyr parents did reproue
Theyr fires, and watch'd theyr deedes with iealouſie,
Though in theſe ſtormes no comfort could remoue
The various doubts, and feares that coole hot loue.
Though he nor hers, nor ſhe his face could ſee,
Yet this did not aboliſh loues decree.

For age had crackd the wall which did them part:
This the vnanimate couple ſoone did ſpie,
And heere their inward ſorrowes did impart,
Vnlading the ſad burden of theyr heart.
Though loue be blind, this ſhewes he can diſcrie
A way to leſſen his owne miſery.

Oft to the friendly cranny they reſort,
And feede themſelues with the cœleſtiall ayre,
Of odoriferous breath; no other ſport
They could enioy, yet thinke the time but ſhort.
And wiſh that it againe renewed were
To ſucke each others breath for euer there.

Sometimes they did exclaime againſt theyr fate,
And ſometimes they accus'd imperiall IOVE,
Sometimes repent theyr flames, but all too late:
The arrow could not be recald, theyr ſtate
Ordained was, by IVPITER aboue,
And CVPID had appointed they ſhould loue.

They curſt the wall which did theyr kiſſes part,
And to the ſtones theyr dolorous words they ſent,
As if they ſaw the ſorrow of theyr heart,
And by theyr teares could vnderſtand theyr ſmart:
But it was hard, and knew not what they ment,
Nor with theyr ſiths (alas) would it relent.

This in effect they ſayd; *Curs'd wall, O why*
Wilt thou our bodies ſeuer, whoſe true loue
Breakes thorow all thy flinty cruelty:
For both our ſoules ſo cloſely ioyned lie,
That nought but angry death can them remoue,
And though he part them yet they'l meete aboue.

Pyramus and Thisbe.

Abortive teares from their faire eyes ſtraight flow'd
And dimm'd the lovely ſplendor of their ſight,
Which ſeem'd like TITAN, whilſt ſome watry Cloud
O'reſpreads his face, and his bright beames doth ſhrowd.
Till VESPER chas'd away the conquered light,
And forceth them (though loath) to bid *Good-night.*

But e're AVRORA, Vſher to the Day,
Began with welcome luſtre to appeare,
The Lovers riſe, and at that crannie they
Thus to each other, their thoughts open lay:
With many a *Sith*, many a ſpeaking Teare,
Whoſe griefe the pitying Morning bluſht to heare.

Deare Love (quoth PIRAMVS) *how long ſhall wee*
Like faireſt Flowers, not gathered in their Prime,
Waſt precious youth, and let advantage flee,
Till wee bewayle (at laſt) our Crueltie
Vpon our ſelves, for Beauty though it ſhine
Like Day, will quickly find an Evening time.

Therefore (*ſweet* THISBE) *let vs meet this night*
At NINVS *Tombe, without the City wall,*
Vnder the Mulberie-tree, with Berries white
Abounding, there t'inioy our wiſh'd delight.
For mounting Love ſtopp'd in his courſe doth fall,
And long'd for yet vnteſted Ioy kills all.

What

Pyramus and Thisbe.

What though our cruell parents angry bee?
What though our friends (alas) are too vnkind?
Time now propitious, may anon deny,
And soone hold backe, fit oportunity.
Who lets slip Fortune, her shall never find.
Occasion once pass'd by, is bald behind.

She soone agreed to that which he requir'd,
For little Wooing needs where both consent,
What he so long had pleaded she desir'd,
Which VENVS seeing, with blind *Chance* conspir'd,
And many a charming accent to her sent,
That she (at last) would frustrate their intent.

Thus *Beauty* is by beauties meanes vndone,
Striuing to close these eyes that make her bright;
Iust like the Moone, which seekes t'eclipse the Sun
Whence all her splendor, all her beames, doe come:
So she, who fetcheth lustre from theyr sight
Doth purpose to destroy theyr glorious light.

Vnto the *Mulberie*-tree, Sweet THISBE came,
Where hauing rested long (at last) she gan,
Against her PIRAMVS for to exclaime,
Whilst various thoughts turmoile her troubled braine.
And imitating thus the sylver *Swan*,
A little while before her Death shee sang.

THE

THE SONG.

COme Love, why ſtayeſt thou? The night
Will vaniſh, e're wee taſte delight:
The Moone obſcures her ſelfe from ſight
Thou abſent, whoſe Eyes give her light.

Come quickly Deare, bee briefe as time,
Or wee by Morne ſhall bee o're-tane:
Loves Ioy's thine owne as well as mine,
Spend not therefore, time in vaine.

Heere

Heere doubtfull thoughts broke off her pleaſant *Song*
Againſt her loue; for ſtaying ſhee gan crie,
Her PIRAMVS ſhee thought did tarry long,
And that his abſence did her too much wrong.
Then betwixt longing hope, and Iealouſie,
She feares, yet's loth, to tax his loyaltie.

Sometimes ſhee thinkes, that he hath her forſaken,
Sometimes that danger hath befallen to him;
Shee feares that he another loue hath taken,
Which being but imagin'd, ſoone doth waken:
Numberleſſe thoughts, which on her heart doe fling
Feares, that her future fate too truely ſing.

Whilſt ſhee thus muſing ſate, ranne from the wood
An angry Lyon, to the criſtall Springs;
Nere to that place, who comming from his food,
His chaps were all beſmear'd with crimſon bloud.
Swifter then thought, Sweet THISBE ſtraight begins
To flye from him, feare gaue her Swallowes wings.

As ſhe auoids the Lion, her deſire
Bids her to ſtay, leſt PIRAMVS ſhould come,
And be deuour'd by the ſterne Lions ire,
So ſhee for euer burne in vnquench'd fire.
But feare expells all reaſons ſhee doth run
Into a darkſome Cave, neere ſeene by Sun.

Pyramus and Thisbe.

With haſt ſhee let her looſer Mantle fall,
Which when th' enraged Lion did eſpie,
With bloody teeth, he tore't in peices ſmall,
Whilſt THISBE ran and look'd not backe at all.
For could the ſenceleſſe beaſt, her face diſcrie
It had not done her ſuch an iniury.

The night halfe waſted, PIRAMVS did come,
Who ſeeing printed in the ſubtil ſand
The Lions paw, and by the fountaine ſome
Of THISBES garment, ſorrow ſtrooke him dumbe:
Iuſt like a marble ſtatue did hee ſtand,
Cut by ſome skilfull grauers, cunning hand.

Recovering breath, 'gainſt Fate he gan t'exclayme,
Waſhing with teares the torne and bloudy weed.
I may ſayd hee, my ſelfe for her death blame;
Therefore my bloud ſhall waſh away that ſhame.
Since ſhee is dead, whoſe Beauty doth exceed
All that fraile man, can eyther heare or reade.

This ſpeaking, he his ſharpe Sword drew, and ſayd;
Receive thou my red bloud, as a due debt
Vnto thy conſtant Lowe, to which 'tis payd.
I ſtraight will meete thee in the pleaſant ſhade
Of coole Elyſium, *where wee being met,*
Shall taſte the Ioyes, that heere wee could not yet.

Then

Then thorow his breſt thruſting his ſword: life hics
From him, and he makes haſt to ſeeke his faire.
And as vpon the crimſend ground hee lies,
His blood ſpirt'd vp vpon the Mulberries:
With which th'vnſpotted berries ſtained were,
And ever ſince with Red they coloured are.

At laſt, came THISBE from the den for feare
Of diſappointing PYRAMVS, being ſhe
Was bound by promiſe, for to meete him there,
But when ſhe ſaw the berries changed were.
From white to blacke, ſhe knew not certainely
It was the place where they agreed to be.

With what delight from the darke caue ſhe came
Thinking to tell how ſhe eſcap'd the beaſt;
But when ſhe ſaw her PIRAMVS lie ſlaine,
In what perplexity ſhe did remaine.
She teares her Golden haire, and beates her breſt,
All ſignes of raging ſorrow ſhe expreſt.

She cries 'gainſt mighty IOVE, and then doth take
His bleeding body from the moiſt'ned ground.
She kiſſes his pale face till ſhe doth make
It red with kiſſing, and then ſeekes to wake
His parting ſoule with mournfull words, and's wound
Waſheth with teares which her ſweet ſpeech confound.

But afterwards recouering breath, quoth ſhee,
(Alas) what chance hath parted thee and I.
O tell what euill, hath befallen to thee;
That of thy Death I may a Partner bee.
Tell THISBE, what hath caus'd this Tragedie.
He hearing THISBE's name, lift vp his eye.

And on his Love he rais'd his dying head,
Where ſtriving long for breath (at laſt) ſayd hee,
O THISBE, *I am haſting to the dead,*
And cannot heale that Wound my feare hath bred.
Farewell, ſweet THISBE, *wee muſt parted bee,*
For angry Death will force mee goe from Thee.

Life did from him, hee from his Miſtris part,
Leaving his *Love* to languiſh heere in woe.
What ſhall ſhee doe? How ſhall ſhe eaſe her heart?
Or with what language ſpeake her inward ſmart?
Vſurping paſſion, reaſon doth o'reflow,
Shee ſweares, that with her PYRAMVS ſhee'l goe.

Then takes the Sword, wherewith her Love was ſlayne
With PYRAMVS his crimſon bloud warme ſtill.
And ſayd, *Oh ſtay (bleſt Soule) that ſo wee twaine*
May goe together where wee ſhall remaine
In endleſſe Ioyes, and never feare the ill
Of grudging Friends: Then ſhe her ſelfe did kill.

Pyramus and Thisbe.

To tell what griefe theyr Parents did ſuſtaine,
Were more then my rude Quill can overcome.
Many a teare they ſpent but all in vaine,
For weeping calls not backe the Dead againe.
They both were layed in one Grave, life done,
And theſe few words were writ vpon the Tombe.

Epitaph.

VNderneath thiſ Marble ſtone,
Lye two Beauties ioyn'd in one.

Two whoſe Loves Death could not ſever,
For both liv'd, both dy'd together.

Two whoſe Soules, being too divine
For earth, in their owne Spheare now ſhine.

Who have left their loves to Fame,
And their earth, to earth againe.

FINIS.

AN ELEGIE ON THE Death of the Right Honourable, DVDLEY Lord CARLETON, *Viſcount* DORCHESTER, late *Principall Secretarie* of State.

THe infernall Siſters, did a Counſell call
Of all the Feinds, to the blacke Stygian *Hall;*
The dire Tartarean *Monſters, hating light,*
Begot by diſmall Erebus, *and night.*
Whereſoe're diſpers'd abroad, hearing the Fame
Of their accurſed meeting, thither came
Revenge, *whoſe greedy minde no Blood can fill,*
And Envie, *neuer ſatisfied with ill.*
Thither blind Boldneſſe, *and impatient* Rage,
Reſorted, with Death's neighbour envious Age,
And Meſſengers diſeaſes, whereſoe're
Then wandring, at that Senate preſent were:
Whom to oppreſſe the Earth, the Furies ſent
To ſpare the Guiltie, vex the Innocent.
The Counſell thus diſſolv'd, an angry fever,
Whoſe quenchleſſe thirſt, by Blood was ſated never.

Envying

An Elegie.

Envying the Riches, Honour, Greatneſſe, Love
And Vertue (Loadſtone, which all theſe did move)
Of Noble CARLETON, *him ſhe tooke away,*
And like a greedy Vultur ſeas'd her prey:
Weepe with mee each who eyther reads or heares,
And know his loſſe, deſerues his Countries teares:
The Muſes *loſt a Patron by his Fate,*
Virtue *a Husband, and a Prop the* State,
Sol's *Chorus weepes, and to adorne his Herſe*
Calliope *would ſing a Tragicke verſe.*
And had there bin before no Spring of theirs,
They would have made a Helicon *with their teares.*

A. C.

AN

AN ELEGIE ON THE
Death of my loving Friend and Couſen,
Mr. RICHARD CLERKE,
late of LINCOLNES-*Inne*
Gentleman.

IT was decreed by ſtedfaſt Deſtinie, (Die.
(The World from Chaos *turn'd) that all ſhould*
Hee who durſt feareleſſe paſſe blacke Acheron
And dangers of th'infernall Region,
Leading Hell's triple Porter captivate,
Was overcome himſelfe, by conquering Fate.
The Roman TVLLIE's *pleaſing Eloquence,*
Which in the Eares did locke vp every Sence
Of the rapt hearer, his Melliſluous breath
Could not at all charme vnremorſefull Death.
Nor SOLON *ſo by* Greece *admir'd, could ſave*
Himſelfe with all his Wiſedome, from the Grave.
Sterne Fate brought MARO *to his Funerall flame,*
And would have ended in that fire his Fame;
Burning thoſe lofty Lines, which now ſhall be
Times conquerors, and out-laſt Eternitie.

An Elegie.

Even ſo lov'd CLERKE *from Death no ſcape could find,*
Though arm'd with great ALCIDES *valiant mind.*
Hee was adorn'd in yeares though farre more young,
With learned CICERO'S, *or a ſweeter Tongue.*
And could dead VIRGIL *heare his lofty ſtraine,*
Hee would condemne his owne to fire againe.
His youth a SOLON'S *Wiſedome did preſage,*
Had envious Time *but given him* SOLONS *age.*
And all that in our Anceſtors hath bin
Of any Vertue, earth now loſt in him.
Who would not therefore now if Learnings friend
Bewayle his fatall and untimely end:
Who hath ſuch hard, ſuch unrelenting Eyes,
As would not weepe when ſo much Vertue dyes?
The God of Poets *doth in darkneſſe ſhrowd*
His glorious face, and weepes behind a Cloud.
The dolefull Muſes *thinking now to write*
Sad Elegies, *their teares confound their ſight:*
But him to Elyſium's *laſting Ioyes they bring,*
Where winged Angels his ſad Requiems *ſing.*

Abraham Cowley.

A DREAME OF ELYSIVM.

PHœBVS expuls'd by the approaching Night
Bluſh'd, and for ſhame clos'd in his baſhfull light.
Whilſt I with leaden MORPHEVS overcome,
The *Muſe* whom I adore enter'd the roome.
Her hayre with looſer curioſitie,
Did on her comely backe diſhevel'd lye.
Her Eyes with ſuch attractive beauty ſhone,
As might have wak'd ſleeping ENDYMION.
Shee bid me riſe, and promis'd I ſhould ſee
Thoſe Fields, thoſe manſions of Felicitie
Wee mortals ſo admire at: Speaking thus,
She lifts me vp vpon wing'd *Pegaſus*.
On whom I rid: Knowing where ever ſhe
Did goe, that place muſt needs a Temple bee.
No ſooner was my flying Courſer come
To the bleſt dwellings of *Elyſium*.
When ſtraight a thouſand vnknowne joyes reſort,
And hemm'd me round: Chaſt loves, innocuous ſport.

A Dreame of Elyſium.

A thouſand ſweets bought with no following Gall,
Ioyes not like ours, ſhort, but perpetuall.
How many obiects charme my wandring eye,
And bid my ſoule gaze there eternally?
Heere in full ſtreames, BACCHVS thy liquor flowes,
Nor knowes to ebbe: heere IOVES broad Tree beſtowes
Diſtilling honey, heere doth *Nectar* paſſe
With copious current through the vardant graſſe.
Heere HYACINTH, his fate writ in his lookes.
And thou NARCISSVS louing ſtill the brookes,
Once louely boyes; and *Acis* now a Flower,
Are nouriſh'd, with that rarer herbe, whoſe power
Created the wars potent God, heere growes
The ſpotleſſe Lilly, and the bluſhing Roſe.
And all thoſe diuers ornaments abound,
That variouſly may paint the gawdy ground.
No Willow, ſorrowes garland, there hath roome
Nor Cypreſſe, ſad attendant of a Tombe.
None but APOLLO's tree, and th'Ivie twine
Embracing the ſtout Oake, the fruitfull Vine.
And trees with golden Apples loaded downe,
On whoſe faire toppes ſweet PHILOMEL alone,
Vnmindfull of her former miſery,
Tunes with her voice a rauiſhing Harmony.
Whilſt all the murmuring brookes that glide along
Make vp a burthen to her pleaſing ſong.
No *Scritchowle*, ſad companion of the night,
Or hideous Rauen with prodigeous flight
Preſaging future ill. Nor *Progne* thee
Yet ſpotted with young *Ilis* tragedy,

Thoſe

Thoſe Sacred bowers receiue. There's nothing there,
That is not pure, immaculate, and rare.
Turning my greedy ſight another way,
Vnder a row of ſtorme-contemning Bay
I ſaw the *Thracian* ſinger with his lyre
Teach the deafe ſtones to heare him, and admire.
Him the whole Poets *Chorus* compas'd round,
All whom the Oake, all whom the Lawrell crown'd.
There baniſh'd OVID had a laſting home,
Better then thou couldſt giue ingratefull *Rome*,
And LVCAN (ſpight of *Nero*) in each vaine
Had euery drop of his ſpilt bloud againe:
HOMER, *Sol's* firſt borne, was not poore or blinde,
But ſaw as well in body, as in minde.
TVLLIE, graue CATO, SOLON, and the reſt
Of *Greece's* admir'd Wiſemen, heare poſſeſt
A large reward for their paſt deeds, and gaine
A life, as euerlaſting as theyr Fame.
By theſe, the valiant *Heroes* take theyr place,
All who ſterne *Death* and perils did imbrace
For *Vertues* cauſe. Great ALEXANDER there
Laughing at Earth's ſmall Empier, did weare
A nobler Crowne, then the whole world could give.
There did HORATIVS, COCLES, SCÆVA, live,
And valiant DECIVS, who now freely ceaſe
From warre, and purchaſe an Eternall peace.
Next them, beneath a Myrtle bowre, where Doves,
And galleſſe Pidgeons build theyr neſts, all Loves.
Faithfull perſeverers, with amorous kiſſes,
And ſoft imbraces, taſte theyr greedieſt wiſhes.

A Dreame of Elyſium.

LEANDER with his beautious HERO playes,
Nor are they parted with dividing Seas.
PORCIA injoyes her BRVTVS, Death no more
Can now divorce theyr wedding, as before.
THISBE her PIRAMVS kiſs'd, his THISBE hee
Embrac'd, each bleſt with th'others companie.
And every couple alwayes dancing, ſing
Eternall Ditties to *Elyſium's* King.
But ſee how ſoone theſe pleaſures fade away,
How neere to Evening is delights ſhort Day?
For th'watchfull Bird, true *Nuncius* of the Light
Straight crow'd: and all theſe vaniſh'd from my ſight.
My very *Muſe* her ſelfe forſooke mee too.
Me griefe and wonder wak'd: What ſhould I doe?
Oh! let me follow thee (ſayd I) and goe
From life, that I may Dreame for ever ſo.
With that my flying *Muſe* I though to claſpe
Within my armes, but did a Shadow graſpe.

Thus cheſeſt loves glide with the ſwifteſt ſtreame,
And all our greateſt Pleaſure's but a Dreame.

ABRA: COVVLEY.

FINIS.

Some miſtakes are paſſed in the Impreſſion, which I beſeech thee *Gentle Reader* to pardon. *Vale.* H. S.